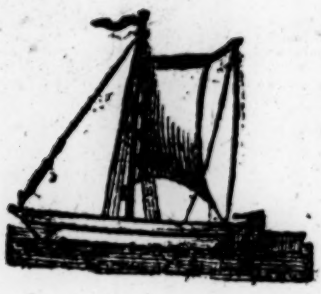

THE

# Vengeance.

## As ſung by Mr. BALL.

THE twelfth day of May, ſo clear was the ſky,
A man from the maſt head a ſail did eſpy;
She bore down upon us, it blew a freſh gale,
Then orders were given for all hands to make ſail.

CHORUS.

So cheer up, my my bonny lads, never let it be ſaid,
That the ſons of Old England ſhall e'er be afraid.

Our ſails being ſet, our ſhip ſeems to fly,
In coming up with chaſe, my boys, our fortunes to try,
For now my brave boys within gun-ſhot we come,
We'll haul up our courſes, and give to them a gun.

We fought them ſix glaſſes, in battle perplext,
Till twenty of our foremoſt men lay bleeding on deck,
Forty were wounded, making ſixty in all,
Then down the white lilly of France we did haul.

So now my brave boys the prize ſhe is our own,
What ſhall we do for jurymaſt, for ſpars we have got none,
We'll put her about, it blows a freſh gale,
Then orders were given for all hands to make ſail.

So now my brave boys we're ſafe landed on the ſhore.
We'll dance, drink, and ſing, make the taverns to roar,
Here's a health to King George, ſucceſs unto his fleet,
And double damn our enemies whenever we do meet.